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AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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CORALLY AND NELSON:

OR,

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Continued.)

BLANDFORD was much handsomer than his friend; but his beauty, like his character, was overbearing, and full of fire. The sentiments he had conceived for his charge favoured more of the affection of a father, than a lover: they consisted of attentions without complaisance, kindness without charms, a tender, but an anxious solicitude, and a desire of rendering her happy with him, rather than a desire of being happy with her.

Nelson, whose character was more engaging, had more softness in his features and language. His eyes especially, his eyes spake the language of the soul. His look, the most piercing in the world, seemed to penetrate to the bottom of the heart, and keep up a secret correspondence with it. His voice was like thunder when he defended the interests of his country, its laws, its honour, its liberties; but in familiar conversation it was sensible, affecting and full of charms. What rendered him still more interesting, was an air of modesty which was diffused all over his person. This man, who would have made a tyrant tremble at the head of his country, was in private life of a remarkable timidity; a single word of praise or applause made him blush.

Lady Juliette Aldbury, his sister, was a widow of great prudence, and of great humanity; but of that restless prudence which always anticipates misfortune, and instead of avoiding, hastens it. She was employed in consoling the young Indian.

"I have lost my second father," said the amiable girl to her. "I know nobody in the world but you and Nelson. I will love you, and do whatever you bid me."

As she was embracing Juliette, Nelson came in, and Corally rose with a smiling and angelic countenance, but still bedewed with tears.

"Well," said Nelson to his sister, "Have you endeavoured to give her some consolation?"—"Yes, I am comforted, I have nothing to complain of," said the young Indian, wiping her fine black eyes. Then seating Nelson on

the side of his sister, and falling on her knees before them, she took their hands, put them in each other's, and pressing them gently between her own, "That's my mother," said she to Nelson, giving him a look which would have melted a statue of marble; but thou, Nelson, what wilt thou be to me?—"I, Miss! Your good friend."—"My good friend! That is charming. Shall I likewise be your good friend? Pray do not give me any other name."—"Yes, my good friend, my dear Corally, your *naivette* enchants me."—"Heavens!" said he to his sister; "what a sweet girl! She will make thy life happy."—"If she is not the unhappiness of thine," said his foresighted sister. Nelson gave her a disdainful smile. "No," said he, "love shall never dispute the sacred rites of friendship in my breast. Be easy, sister, and apply yourself without fear to cultivate so good an understanding. Blandford will be charmed with her, if she shall understand our language perfectly at his return, for you may discover in her some ideas, some shades of sentiment, which she cannot express. Her looks, her gestures, the features of her countenance, nay, every thing about her, announce ingenuous conceptions, which she cannot develope for want of words. That will be, sister, an amusement for thee, and thou wilt see her understanding expand like a flower."—"Yes, brother, like a flower, which conceals its thorns."

Lady Aldbury gave lessons to her pupil with great assiduity; and the latter rendered them every day more interesting, by blending them with traits of sentiment, of vivacity, and a delicacy, which are known only to simple nature. The discovery of a word, which discovers some of the sweetest affections of the soul, was a kind of triumph to her. She made the most simple and the most affecting application of it. When Nelson came in, she fled to him, and repeated the lesson to him with a joy, a simplicity, which he thought then only amusing. Juliette alone saw the danger of it: and did her endeavour to obviate it.

She began to inform Corally, "that it was not polite to say thee and thou, and she ought to say you, if she were not speaking to a brother or sister. Corally begged her to explain the meaning of the word polite, and asked her what it was good for, if brothers and sisters had no need of it?"—She was told that it supplied the place of benevolence in the world. She concluded that it was no use to those who had an affection for each other. It was added that it shewed a desire of obliging and pleasing. She replied, that, "desire shewed itself without politeness: then making use, by example, of the little dog of Juliette, that would never leave her, and was always fond of her, she asked whether he were polite?" Juliette defended herself under the idea of decorum, which she said did not give sanction to the unrestrained and immoderate behaviour of Corally towards Nelson: and the latter, who had some idea of jealousy, because the sentiment of it is innate, imagined that the sister was jealous of the civilities which her brother shewed her." "No," said she to her, "I will not make you uneasy any more. I love you, I obey you, and I will say *you* to Nelson."

He was surprised at this alteration in Corally's language, and remonstrated with Juliette on account of it. "The word you," said he, "does not please me from her mouth; it is not consistent with her native simplicity."—"It displeases me too," replied the fair Indian, "it has something so distant, so starch; whereas thou is so sweet, so

tender, so engaging!"—"Dost thou hear that sister? She begins to understand our language."—"Alas! it is not that which makes me uneasy; with a soul like her's, we express ourselves but too well."—"Pray tell me," said Corally to Nelson, "from whence came the ridiculous custom of saying you, when speaking to a single person?"—"It is owing, child, to the pride and weakness of man; finding himself but little, when considered by himself, he endeavours to double and multiply himself in idea."—"Yes, I comprehended the folly of it, but thou, Nelson, hast vanity enough."—"Again!" interrupted Juliette, in a severe tone,—"Why, sister, do you chide her? Come, Corally, come to me."—I forbid her."—"How cruel you are, is there any danger in her being with me! Do you suspect that I shall lay any snares for her? O leave her that native simplicity, leave her the amiable candour of her country and her age. Why should you tarnish the flower of innocent simplicity, more precious than virtue itself, and which our factitious manners find so much difficulty to supply? it appears to me that nature is afflicted when the idea of evil makes its way into the soul. Alas! it is a venomous plant which grows too much of itself, without our giving ourselves the trouble of sowing it!"

"What you observe is very fine to be sure; but when the evil exists, it is our duty to avoid it; and in order to avoid it, we must know it."

"Ah! my poor little Corally," said Nelson, "into what a world art thou transplanted! What kind of manners must these be, when one is obliged to part with one half of our innocence to preserve the other half!"

In proportion as the young Indian increased her stock of moral ideas, she lost her gaiety and her native ingenuousness. Every new institution appeared to her a new fetter. "Another duty," said she, "another duty still! Another prohibition! My heart is enveloped with them, as it were with a net; they will soon render it motionless!" Corally easily conceived, that what was hurtful to society was criminal; but she could not comprehend how that which did harm to no one, should be pronounced hurtful. "What can be a greater happiness to those who live together," said she, "than to meet each other with pleasure? And why should such a sweet pleasure be concealed? Is not pleasure a blessing? Why should the person be robbed of it, who causes it? Some pretend to have it with respect to those whom they do not love, and to have none with respect to those whom they do love! Some enemy to truth must have produced such manners!"

Reflections of this nature absorbed her in melancholy; and when Juliette reproached her on that account, "You know the cause of it," said she, "what soever is contrary to nature causes sorrow, and in your manners every thing is contrary to it."

Corally in her little peevishness had something so engaging, so affecting, that lady Aldbury accused herself of treating her with too much rigour. Her manner of consoling her and restoring her to good humour was by employing her in little services, and in commanding her as if she was her own child. The pleasure resulting from the thought of her being useful, flattered her much; she anticipated it by her foresight, but she would have wished to render the same services, and to have shown the same attention to Nelson as to Juliette, but the restraint she was under made her dejected "The kind offices of servitude," said she, "are mean and low, because they are not voluntary; but when they

are uncontrouled, they are by no means abject, friendship dignifies, it enobles them. Fear not my dear friend, that I shall suffer myself to be abased. Though I was very young when I left India, I know the dignity of the tribe of which I was born; and when your fine ladies and young lords came to examine me with so familiar a curiosity, their haughtiness made me exalt my soul, and I felt myself more than their equal: but you and Nelson, who love me as if I were your own child, what can be humiliating to me here?"

Nelson himself was sometimes confused at the pains which she took. "You are then very proud in blushing that you have any occasion for my services? I am not so haughty as you, serve me and I shall esteem it an honour."

All these traits of an ingenuous and sensible soul, made lady Aldbury uneasy. "I am very much afraid," said she to Nelson, when they were by themselves "that she is in love with you, and that her attachment will prove her misfortune." He took this intimation for an affront to her innocence. "How much," said he, "does the abuse of words alter and disturb our ideas? Corally loves me, I know it, but she loves me as you love me. Is there any thing more natural than to attach ourselves to those who do us good? Is it a fault in the child, if the sweet, the warm expression of so just and laudable a sentiment, be profaned in our days? Has any thing criminal in it ever come into her head?" "No, my friend you do not understand me; nothing is more innocent than her affection for you; but"—"But, sister, why should you want it to be so? It is the same simple love which she has for me, that she has for you likewise."—"You flatter, you persuade yourself, Nelson, that the sentiment is the same; will you put it to the test? let us pretend a separation, and leave it to her choice whom she will give up."

"What snares, wiles! why should we impose upon her? why instruct her in finesse? Does her heart wear any disguise?" "Yes, I begin to be troublesome to her; she has been fearful of me, ever since she has had an affection for you." "And why should you have given any cause for her fear? you would have her to be ingenuous, and yet it is dangerous to be so; you recommend truth, and if she should fail you deem it a reproach. Believe me, nature is not to blame; she would be unreserved if she were without controul; it is the art which is practised to constrain her, that gives her a bias to falsity."

"These are very serious reflections in a case which is, at the bottom, a mere jest; for what is the intention of it? to make Corally uneasy for one moment, to know which side she would embrace—there is nothing more in it!"—"Nothing more but it is a deception; and what is worse, a deception that may make her very uneasy." "Let us think no more about it; it is of no use to examine into what we do not chuse to see."—"But, sister, I want only to inform myself, in order to regulate my conduct. The means only I object to; but to give that up, what would you require of me?"—"Silence and seriousness. Corally is coming, you will soon understand me."

"What is the matter?" said Corally, addressing both of them? Nelson in one corner of the room! and Juliette in another!—"We have just formed a resolution," replied Juliette, "which makes us somewhat uneasy, but we were under a necessity to do so. We shall not live together any longer: each of us are to keep a separate home; and we have agreed to leave it to your choice whom you are to live with."

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LOVE.

(Concluded from our last,)

Abelard and *Eloisa* were lovers of no common mould; but the flame kindled in their bosoms towards each other did not partake of that purity and delicacy which marked the progress of the same passion in the breast of Petrarch. Their unhappy loves have often been the theme of verse; for every feeling heart must pay the tribute of a tear to their sorrows. Had Petrarch lived at the present day—notwithstanding the extent of his passion, and his own disposition to cherish it, it could not have been of so long duration—by the age he lived in, he was pitied: the present age would laugh at him, and make him the subject of satire and ridicule: every witling who *thinks himself* capable of wielding a pen would arm himself accordingly, and direct his most pointed shafts against the unhappy object of hopeless love. He as a man, would pay some regard to appearances—*the man* would think it indispensable to conform to prevailing opinions—while the generous indignation of *the lover*, would regard them with disdain. The man would finally triumph, for a continual appearance of serenity, which it would be necessary for him to wear, as that only would turn aside the darts of satire, would grow into a habit and soon eradicate his passion, as his own exertions would be exercised to the same effect. An Abelard and Eloisa of the present day would shake off the fanaticism of religion—Crush oppression—flee their country—become united by the indissoluble bond of wedlock, and pass their lives in peace and happiness.

If satire, indirect irony, and ridicule, have power to destroy the passions—and above all the passion of love, what is not in their power to accomplish? See what they have already been made the instruments to accomplish—then answer. Duelling is the only practice that has withstood the shafts of ridicule; the compunctive visitings of conscience, the dictates of reason and the power of civil law, have exerted themselves in vain against this detestable practice; but how long points of honour will be determined by the whizzing of balls and the points of swords is beyond the reach of prophecy to determine; but I venture to predict, that where it is abolished, it will be because it has no longer power to withstand the slurs of keen wit and satire. Knight-errantry was once an honourable profession, but the members of that body saw themselves completely out done by one celebrated knight—he of La-Mancha; their famous exploits sunk into nothing in comparison with his—shame drove them back to their homes, and they forsook their profession no longer able to contend for the precedence of valour. Now a knight errant would be considered as a madman and avoided by the very distressed damsel he swears to protect.

Were it not for this consideration, perhaps *I* should be induced to contend with the whole world for the beauty and accomplishments of my charmer; for I have an undoubted right *to think* she surpasses all others—aye—and an undoubted right to assert my thoughts: but as times have so changed as to render it impossible for me to give evidence of the extent of my passion, and what dangers I would confront for her sake, I must dispose of it in the best manner I can, and in the mean time shall not suffer it to undermine my health, be-

cause repining will do no manner of good but will only make me the butt of her ridicule, for she is none of your *sentimental, sighing, dying* damsels of romance, but a true disciple of the new school—a convert to modern fashion, as well in love as in modern accomplishments, and modern vanity: I say *modern* vanity, because the vanity of our age, prompts its female possessors to boast of conquests before they are made, and refuse offers before they are tendered, *in anticipation* of the resistless power of their charms!—I once knew a young lady who informed her sisters by *anticipation*, of the very time a declaration on the part of her lover would be made, and also of her determination to refuse him, because he happened to be the first; and she thought, to bestow her hand on the first who applied, would be the *acme of folly and imprudence*: whether the declaration took place or not, I leave to others more penetrating—all I know about it is, she gave frequent hints afterwards of her sagacity and foreknowledge, also ——*her fore-determination!*

As I am an ardent admirer of heroic achievements—I consider myself peculiary unfortunate in being born in an age where they only serve to make one ridiculous—Oh! had I only been a Roman, a Grecian, or a Trojan of old, then would I have loved to some purpose—but now—how altered! how changed are the times! The fair know not how to set a proper value on danger, and absolutely prefer a formal visit through the common entrance of a door, to an adventurous one through the chamber window by a rope-ladder! astonishing want of taste! I dare say that if the mistress of my affection lived at Brooklyn, and I had a mind to rival Leander, by swimming over to see her, instead of lamenting the danger I had taken for her sake, she would laugh at me. She would ask me why I did not cross the river in the Steam-boat—or whether I lack'd money to pay my passage, and perhaps offer to *lend* me some to *freight* me back! Her ingenuity, of which she possesses, at least, her share, would devise a hundred other ways of torturing me, provided I obtained admittance to her presence, which I think very doubtful, in the dripping situation I must naturally appear after *my voyage*. This would be very hard usage after risquing my life to see her, by swimming over a river which makes the famous Hellespont in comparison but a brook.

All this considered, what signifies hazarding one's life for, or even celebrating the beauty, lovliness and amiable qualities of a disdainful fair one. Her smiles are not bestowed on me—perhaps they are reserved for another; if so, let that other be her champion and her poet. He has something to urge him on to record her divine qualities; when she becomes kind to me, I will relieve him of *the trouble* by taking it upon myself, and have no doubt but success will attend me beyond my hopes. Let her try me and my rival, and give the successful one her hand. Let all imitate her example and the world will contain another race of heroes. For instance, let her command me to make a voyage to the antipodes and bring her the star from the turban of the great Cham. Off I go with as much speed as Paris went to claim the present of Venus, for I should have the same motives. I would in obedience to her commands, plunge headlong down the most frightful promontory in the world, or from the top of the highest house in Broadway, or even set fire to the universe,

liberate Buonaparte from St. Helena, conquer the whole earth with my single arm, and the moon into the bargain: impossibilities would have no weight with me in such a cause: I only await her commands to obey them.

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THAT the whispers of fancy seldom impart the joys they promise to bestow, is a truth admitted by those, who confound the aspirations of the soul with the visionary desires of sense. The gay assembly, the favourite dress, the smile of adulation, may often cause the pulse to invigorate its throb, and the cheek to wear a softer bloom; yet repetition is found to lessen their delights, and satiety to demand new objects of desire. He whose attainment is mental, combined with personal beauty, may well forbear to number his pursuit among the evanescent phantoms of the day. The noblest passion, with which he is inspired, animates with its divine energy, and shrinks with abhorrence, from the gaze of sensuality, the effrontery of fashion, and the insolence of pride.

So thought Cœlebs, when the serenity of last Saturday Evening found him seated by his desk, reflecting on a correspondence, once bright with hope, but then darkened by the mist of distance, the vapours of neglect or the cloud of rivalry. Devoid of despair but incited by expectations he hastily snatched up the Repository of Weekly Amusement, to catch the enthusiasm of the different writers, as well as to enquire for an expected letter: as the sun most quickly darts his beams, through the clearest atmosphere, so did his eye glance through space, rendered luminous by the name of Cœlebs. But though hope flattered, she smiled but to deceive; for instead of her, who formerly addressed him, he saw with wonder, the name of one of those

'Gay creatures of the elements
That in the colors of the rainbow live
And play in the plighted clouds'.

MILT.

Had the invisible monitor, written to him on a nobler subject, and at a time, when hope was not too sanguine to be checked by ill timed intelligence, perhaps conviction might have yielded to the force of the etherial admonition; but so difficult is it to change the object of our wishes, when choice is sanctioned by the judgment, that whatever we hope to attain, cannot at the moment, find any thing, though superior, to compensate its loss. But as my guardian sylph, has communicated, what no intuition of mine, could have possibly discovered, I would beg leave to remind her of her own descent, and the character of those among whom she flutters, ere she again attempts to inform where she cannot obtain the credit she expects.

The Sylphs were the daughters of the winds, nursed in the regions of fancy, and educated by the fairies. Beloved by Venus and Diana, they were more beautiful than the gems of the morning, and swifter in flight, than the steeds of Aurora. They were frequently permitted to take short ærial rambles, which while they afforded diversion, served to give them a just idea of fancy's expansive domains. In

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one of those pleasing excursions choice had led them far beyond their usual bounds; they essayed to retrace their way, but the shades of evening had subjected their return to the dangers of inexperience, and they resolved to await with patience the approach of morning.

Pondering on their situation, they heard at a distance the flutter of wings which was soon succeeded by a form more graceful than Titanias, and more variegated in dress, than the rainbow. In her left hand she held the key of knowledge; in her right, riches and power; with the former, she unlocked the mysteries of nature and art, with the latter she repressed the scruples of taciturnity, and the reserves of suspicion. Often on her approach, she bent a listening posture, when the sight of the infantile strangers riveted her to the spot. With the swiftness of an arrow, she winged her way where her eye directed, and immediately she accosts them in one of her sweetest accents accompanied by a playful smile.

'Beloved children of the air, why rest you here solitary and alone, without a companion to guide, and a light to cheer? Fear not; my name is CURIOSITY, the daughter of HOPE; the companion of PLEASURE, who am leaving my native skies to seek the abodes of men. I have learned by experience, that unalloyed pleasure, does not dwell with the gods, but has fled to Earth, where she attended Saturn, when expelled his ancient throne by filial ingratitude. Here I am constantly watched, and prevented from enjoying the felicity, that scrutiny and research are wont to bestow. Accompany me, my children, where the sweets of plenty smile, and the songs of merriment delight; and if ye shall desire to return I myself will be your conductor.'

Thus spoke the celestial nymph, when the children of fancy, deluded by her fascinating voice, agreed to accompany her. Joyfully they floated down the silvery air, which their immortal guide illumined—when they discerned the terrestrial planet approaching with all the beauties of expansion, until the roar of ocean and the hum of business broke upon their ear. They alighted on the shores of Italy, in a spacious garden, whose beauty and fragrance delighted the senses, and caused the Sylphs thus to address their kind guide. 'How much are we indebted to thee, oh stranger, for conducting us to a spot, where the productions of nature combine not only the deliciousness of the nectar and ambrosia, but form the wreath that encircles the brow of man with immortality. Here let us remain and enjoy those delights, which our tutors hindered us from partaking: we will gaily dance on the azure deep, and gambol in the ambient air. When we are weary of such amusements, let us mix with the inhabitants of the world, and observe their dispositions, manners, and customs. In short, let us mutually be happy, since the means of becoming so are placed in our power.'

A month had now elapsed since they had quitted their native sphere, when the sameness of pursuits, and the stillness of solitude, had become so insipid to Curiosity that she persuaded her juvenile charge to visit the abodes of mortals. It was then that she discovered with regret, that Saturn's golden reign had just ceased, and that the iron age, distinguished by luxury, oppression and guilt, had begun its dire career. Here the Sylphs first became acquainted with the false vow, the assumed smile and the dissembling conduct of lovers. Being naturally a gay and

fantastic race, and the votaries of Curiosity, they often mingled in the sportive pranks of love, and amused themselves with creating or dissolving matches at their pleasure. By frequently encouraging this volatile temper it grew upon them by degrees, and has ever continued to exercise their attention.

The fairies having assuaged their sorrow by a promise from Jupiter, to restore their favourites, requested him to dismiss Mercury from Heaven to recall their fugitives. The request was granted them. Mercury descended in a flash of lightning and reconveyed the trembling Sylphs to their primeval abode. Jupiter then convened an assembly of the gods by whom they were dismissed to the temple of Genius and destined to convey the inspiration of the god to the Earth. Though levity once characterised them, it immediately disappeared when the eye of Minerva flashed upon them its fire, declaring them the messengers of genius.

"Now the whole race with lofty scorn avoid
The little mind in search of wealth employ'd;
Nor will they deign to ray the slightest smile
On the mean man of artifice and guile."

SYMSON.

Curiosity was doomed to experience the effects of disappointment, and to remain upon earth, while Experience should come with the torch of Truth and display the objects of vain enquiry in their true colours.

It was not long ere a discovery was made, that several of the Sylphs were united to the Zephyrs, whose employment is the dispersion and nurture of flowers, and whose residence is on the western borders of the Pacific Ocean. They were consequently compelled to rejoin their partners on earth, follow the fate of Curiosity, and be subject to the same uncertainties.

Such is the character and pedigree of my invisible correspondent, who commences her letter by declaring herself unmarried. An asseveration that the lips of female delicacy would scorn to repeat, dropped too from this Sylphic divinity, and must have emanated from the volatile company which she has been in the habit of frequenting. Perhaps she confesses herself a female, merely to apologize for a style that might excite the suspicion of her being a Zephyr. Let me advise her to soothe the anger of Jupiter, to regain the temple of Genius, where, by ceasing to interfere in the happiness or misery of the sexes, it may be her care, to improve him she professes to protect in virtue and science. But if her only motive is to create suspicion, by making use of dissimulation, let her be informed that I will hereafter treat her suggestions with contempt, unless they are dictated by a spirit that actuates those through whom Genius loves to dispense her favours. I candidly believe, that this is that mischievous Sylph who has been the whole occasion of my suspended correspondence—of all the misery that has taken place, and of the seeming neglect of my last letter. But Emma will, I trust, show her deceitful character more fully to

CŒLEBS.

P. S. As this was penned too late for insertion, and as Emma has so unexpectedly broken her silence and sanctioned the opinion which Cœlebs entertained of the Sylph, he will, when he feels a little relaxation from the business in which he is now engaged, answer the communication he received from her.

—

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die, than virtue itself.

MONITORIAL.

The many evils of life, are to be attributed to various causes, and although these are not considered as sinful, yet in their operation on the mind, they are the means of effecting a looseness and depravity of character. Pleasure is often made the severest pain, not only to the human frame, but the mind. We often suffer severely for what we imagined innocent enjoyment, but more mature reflection pronounces it sinful, and the consideration of our errors produces unpleasant sensations.

Every member of the great family of man strives with eagerness to obtain happiness: that it is often obtained, as far as this world will admit, no one will doubt; that it might be oftener, no one will deny. Different minds take different means to obtain this inestimable blessing, and the most superficial observer of mankind, will perceive, that it is by many sought after in the mazes of dissipation, as well as in the path of virtue. Relaxation and amusement, we know are necessary; and considering the nature, habits and desires of man, a moderate indulgence is in no degree unlawful, but it does not follow, because they are acknowledged innocent, that there are no bounds set, which it would be imprudent to pass—we say imprudent, because we are inclined to think, that many are not aware of the danger in which an unrestrained pursuit of amusement generally involves them.—They may it is true, be innocent at first, but they will, if they are not regulated by the principles of virtue, fix a stain on the character which tears of repentance only can wipe away. For example, Gaming.—A man who is addicted to this vice has associated with his character almost every other. Gaming, to conclude, is every thing that is vicious; it leads its votaries from one degree of guilt to another, till it completely effaces from the heart every principle of virtue and honour. It has its origin in amusement, its end in moral depravity and crime.—*Nantucket Gazette.*

VARIETY.

SINGULAR DECISION FOR MODERN TIMES.

In a late criminal proceeding before Sir John Nicholl, in Doctor's Commons (England) against one William Brider, on a charge of incest for marrying Mary Walton, the daughter of his deceased wife by Thomas Walton, her former husband, the court being satisfied with the evidence produced to sustain the prosecution, first, pronounced the marriage null and void under the canon law, and enjoined upon both parties to perform the following penance: the offending parties to stand in white sheets at the porch of the church during the ringing of the last bell for divine service on a Sunday, and until after the first lesson, asking forgiveness of all persons entering the church; then to be led into the church and placed in a conspicuous situation near the minister, where they are to remain until the gospel of the day is said, when they are to repeat a submissive acknowledgment of having been guilty of the crime imputed to them, implore the forgiveness of God, promise not to offend again, and intreat the congregation to join with them in saying the Lord's prayer."

A late Paris Journal, has published the following anecdote, to which the law for suppressing divorce gives a certain appropriateness "In Zurich (Switzerland) the husband and wife who apply for a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of humour, are shut up together for a fortnight in a tower on the lake. They have only one apartment, one bed, one chair, one knife, &c.

so that for sitting or sleeping, eating or resting, they are completely dependent on each other's complaisance. It seldom happens that they are not reconciled before the fortnight expires."

SOCIAL CONVERSATION.

Free conversation between persons of different ages, habits, professions and sexes, is absolutely necessary for the human mind: otherwise it acquires a formal stiffness, or an overwhelming attachment to some one foible or peculiarity, which renders it indifferent to every thing else.

COURTSHIP.

Courtship is *sometimes*, the FARCE of love, and is never so ridiculous as when a Coquette is solicited by a Coxcomb. It then resembles Doctor Young's fantastic chace, "a shadow hunting a shade."

A NICE WIFE.

My wife's of manners gentle, pure and kind,
An honest heart, a most ingenuous mind;
Beauteous and gay, domestic without vice,
And but one fault—indeed she's over nice,
Mops, pails, and brushes, dusters, matts and soap,
Are sceptres of controul—her joy her hope.
Each day we scrub and scour house, yard and limb,
And on a *Saturday*—ye Gods we swim!

A FACT.

As two bucks, arm in arm, were meand'ring the street,
As chock full of wine, as an egg is of meat,
"Hold fast to my arm," (*exclaim'd Harry* to Paul.)
"For *united we stand, divided we fall.*"

A REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"What can the reason be," says Dick,
"My ancles are so very thick?"
"You surely must forget," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

ON BEING MEDDLESOME.

Candour, like charity, thinketh no evil. Individuals, endowed with a disposition influenced by it, never view the actions of those, with whom they are connected, through suspicion's discolouring medium; but form their opinion of the conduct of others by that integrity, which influences their own.—Whatever is amiable in manners or useful in society, flows in a great measure from this refreshing stream; for, open and cheerful in itself, it diffuses smiles around it, and may not inaptly be compared to the sun's enlivening beam.—'It forms a climate itself," (as a celebrated author beautifully expresses it) "in which love and friendship flourish without decay.—It is a bond which cements the social affections, and is the inspirer of tranquility and joy.—Whilst promoting confidence, it inspires *union* both in public and private society; *and* though it may be ranked amongst the minor virtues, is equally admirable in prosperity, or adversity.

ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Near the commencement of the 16th century, John de Nova was sentenced by Emanuel, king of Portugal, to the East-Indies. On his return he discovered the Island of St. Helena. One of his men had embraced mahomedism in the East, and to do penance for his crime, he desired to be left alone on the Island—he was left, and remained there alone four years. He planted fruit trees and cultivated vegetables—and rendered the island useful as a place of watering and rendezvous. Bounaparte might amuse himself by writing a Robinson Crusoe novel founded on the fact.

A woman had need be perfectly provided of virtue, to repair the ruins of her beauty.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE SHIPWRECK
OR
SELIM AND ELSIDOR.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

Her gentle heart was melted quite,
The sanguine tale to hear;
And oft she wept for those who fell
Beneath her Selim's spear:
But still her bosom lighter beat,
For half her fears were o'er
Since Selim homeward bent his way
To bless his Elsidor.—

And now full oft she'd climb the hill,
And spend the livelong day,
In hopes to see the Bark return
That bore her love away:
But when the eve'ning spread its gloom
And she could see no more:
An anxious tear would dew the cheek
Of pensive Elsidor.—

One eve a furious whirlwind rose
And dash'd the rising foam,
And Elsidor with fearful eye
Prepar'd to hasten home;
But still her boding heart prefer'd
To linger on the shore;
And mourn amid the tempest rude
The lot of Elsidor.—

The Thunder roll'd in awful peals,
The lightning stream'd around,
And tow'ring billows spent their rage
Along the vast profound.
She gaz'd upon this dismal scene
Of elemental war:
And deathlike sadness seem'd to press
The mind of Elsidor.—

Too soon her troubled heart she found
Had boded not in vain,
For Selim's ship, all tempest borne,
Came furious o'er the main:
And as the fated vessel verg'd
On danger more and more,
A thousand dread emotions fill'd
The soul of Elsidor.—

And ah! the fearful moment came;
She struck the rocks below:
And with a dreadful shock was split
And shiver'd at a blow.
All sunk to one promiscuous grave,
Beneath the surges roar:
And death, or wild despair alone,
Was left to Elsidor.—

At length upon a shatter'd plank
A wretch appear'd in view:
Who had escap'd the gen'ral doom,
That whelm'd the luckless crew:
And while adown the yawning gulph
The sinking fragment bore;
She heard her Selim call for aid
On wretched Elsidor—

Then Angels wept to see the maid—
Who, frantic how to save,
Quick rent her robe, and form'd a line
That chanc'd to reach the wave:
And then she cast to heaven a look
Its pity to implore;
Entreating life for Alva's son
Or death for Elsidor.—

Heaven heard the pray'r and pitying lent
Its all protecting aid:
And Selim caught the brittle line
Her hasty hand had made;
With wild delight and speechless joy
She saw him gain the shore,
And felt him press the trembling heart
Of happy Elsidor.—

ANSON.

PLEASURE.

See pleasure, with deceitful smiles,
She woos the heart to taste of joy,
But, oh! avoid her syren wiles,
She smiles—yet smiles but to destroy.
Tho' chaplets do her brow adorn,
What tho' she's jocund as the spring;
Beware, there is a hidden thorn—
A thorn that will for ever sting,
Dare not the influence of her eyes;
Beware the poison of her breath,
Fly from her arms where danger lies;
Her smiles are fate—her song is death!

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES TO GAUNNETTA,

ON HER REGRETTING THAT SHE WAS NOT A FAVOURITE OF APOLLO'S.

"For no one knows the power of song but mourns;
Oh then the charms of Poesy forego,
'Tis a fair flow'ret thick beset with thorns,
A honey'd draught mingled with pois'nous woe."

ANNA.

Thus sung the lovely child of song,
Whose lyre was tuned in minstrel hour,
Who felt herself Apollo's child,
And tho' she priz'd she fear'd his power.

The fiend of grief she said too oft
Would lurk beneath the harp's soft srings,
And Sorrow waft her pining sighs,
On Fancy's wild and airy wing.

And that the tears which Poets shed
Were fatal to their earthly peace,
And calm Reflection's soft'ning powers
Life's little ills would but increase.

Thus my young favourite you may learn,
The terrors of the charming art,
From her who felt its matchless power,
By her who knew the human heart.

Than her's few hands have swept the lyre,
That caus'd a lov'lier strain to flow,
Than her's no heart was more alive
To all the pangs of human woe.

St. Herbert's tale, and many a verse,
Her name from cold oblivion saves,
But goodness, truth, and beauty's friends,
Have wept o'er Anna's mould'ring grave.

She sleeps, but her undying strains,
Yield many a precept fraught with truth,
For her's the song that Virtue lov'd,
And she the guardian of her youth.

She sunk beneath Misfortune's sway,
But left behind her warning leaf,
Far better never know the muse
Than know her as the child of grief.

ELLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A ROSE.

This beauteous Rose, by all allow'd
The sweetest flower to be,
Must hang its blushing head, and own
'Tis not so sweet as thee.

Thy blooming charms excel the Rose,
And every heart control;
But *beauty* only charms the *sense*,
Thy *virtues* charm the *soul*.

H. C.

The following affecting address is from the pen of lord BYRON. The reader need scarcely be informed that lady Byron, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of admiral Sir Ralph Milbanke, has lately left his lordship's house and returned to her father, taking with her an infant child, after being a little more than a year married.—*Columbian.*

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well! and if forever—
Still forever, fare *thee well*—
Even though unforgiven, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel—
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er cans't know again;
Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could shew;
Then thou would'et at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so—
Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a careless wound!
Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away;
Still thine own its life retaineth—

Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.—
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead,
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.
And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hand shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love had bless'd.
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.—
All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Whither—yet with *thee* they go—
Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now—
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well!—thus disunited
Torn from every nearer tie—
Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1816.

Intelligence.

Thursday last having completed the 40th year of American Independence, the same was celebrated in this city with perhaps more than the usual display of the civil, military and political processions. A model of a 74 gun ship, (the emblem of old times, when the good ship *Hamilton* was cheer'd in 1788) drawn thro' the streets by 6 horses, her crew occasionally piping, was a sight truly admirable and pleasing. The day was remarkably fine, which brought together more of the great population of this city than was ever witnessed before.

—

A very uncommon occurrence recently took place in North-Carolina. A woman in crossing a swamp on horseback suddenly found her horse attacked by a large Alligator. In the fright she was thrown, when the monster seized her, and bit her so dreadfully that she shortly after died. Her husband and son, who it appears were near, saved her from immediate destruction, and killed the Alligator.

—

Four young natives of *Owhyhee*, one of the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific ocean, and the same were captain Cook was killed, are now at Morris Academy in Litchfield, Connecticut, receiving an education to fit them for Religious Missionaries to their native country. Two of them, at the ages of 16 and 14 years, came to this country ten years ago; a third arrived six years since, and another has since joined them. One of them has had the benefit of instruction at the Theological Institution in Andover; and he is now employed in translating a part of the New-Testament into the Owhyhee language, and by his aid an Owhyhee grammar has been formed.

—

A letter has been received in London from Sierra Leona, dated 26th Jan. last, which states the capture of the schr. Rosa, formerly the privateer Perry of Baltimore, under Spanish colours, manned by Americans, with 250 slaves; that the coast was full of American vessels under Spanish colours, from Havana; that two of her consorts with from 300 to 500 slaves had departed; that a ship of 20 guns and 120 men was off Cape Mount, making up a cargo of 1200 slaves—and that his B. M. ship Bon, which captured the Rosa, was going in pursuit.

A late London paper contains the proceedings of the Anniversary Meeting of the Grand British Institution, or Schools for All; at which (says the editor of the Boston Evening Gazette) we notice our Ambassador, Mr. Adams,

attended, and was an applauded spokesman, in favour of the advantages of educating the poor. "Education," he said, "is Knowledge, and it leads to Virtue. This truth he knew would come home to every British bosom. In America there was a zeal for the education of the poor; and he regarded it as one of the most glorious of the blessings derived from their British ancestors." The proposition of thanks to the Royal Chairman having been put by Mr. Adams, and received with acclamation; His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent said, "I feel gratified that this motion came from the Minister of the United States. I have long lived in the neighbourhood of the United States, and it was ever a grief to me that the two countries should ever be at variance. Their language and their interests are the same, and their friendship should be inviolable."

The Prince Regent has, in general orders, reprimanded in severe terms, Sir R. Wilson, and capt. Hutchinson, for the part which they took in aiding Gen. Lavallette in escaping from his prison in France; the object of which, (the Prince Regent says) was to counteract the laws and defeat the public justice of France. The French government have sentenced these gentlemen, and another Englishman by the name of Bruce, to three months imprisonment.

Some serious disturbances, of a political nature, took place at Grenoble in France, about the beginning of May; but it appears, by subsequent accounts, the insurrection was easily quelled On this occasion the Mayor issued an arrete containing the following regulations: "Every citizen is prohibited from henceforth wearing a *bonnet rouge*, or any other rallying sign, which may call to mind the frightful system of 1793."

The Spanish papers say, "that our differences with the United States are about assuming a serious character, in consequence of the refusal of the American government to restore provisionally that part of Florida which is the object of our demand."

To Correspondents.

"*Effects of Envy and Jealousy*" will appear next week. We should like in future that all written communications for the Museum should be clearly distinguished, whether original or not.

"*Aurelius*" will also appear next week, as will likewise some original pieces of poetry, that, for want of room, have lain over.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. John Benson, to Miss Sarah M. daughter of Augustine H. Lawrence, Esq.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Jeremiah Kiersted, to Miss Ann Gunsey, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Frederick Mongin, of this city to Miss Eliza Bennett, of Saugatuck, Con.

By the rev. Dr. How, Mr. Joseph W. Totten, to Miss Maria Jones, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Thatcher, Dr. William M'Coppin, of Orange County, to Mrs. Mary Ann Green, daughter of Mr. Abraham Hart, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Antonio Francis, to Miss Maria Ann Thorn, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Arnoldus Henry Viguier, to Miss Ursula Da la Cova, daughter of John Da La Cova, Esq. of Havana.

By the rev. John Williams, Mr. Lenderman H. Crins, of the Netherlands, to Miss Susan G. Philips, of Newport, (R. I.)

OBITUARY.

The city Inspector reports the death of 47 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 29th ult.

DIED.

Of a lingering illness in the 71st year of his age, and 50th of his ministry, the rev. Gershom Seixas, of the Jewish Congregation of this city.

After a short illness, Mr. N. M. Boquet, aged 59

Mrs. Mary Allen, aged 29.

Suddenly, Capt. Peter P. Waters, late of the U. S. army. His wife also died suddenly about a year ago; by which dispensation four little children are left orphans.

Mr. Lazarus Beach, printer, after a lingering illness.

Mrs. Eleanor Piggot, aged 33.

At Carlisle, (Pen.) the Hon. Henry Hugh Brackenridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

THE WELLINGTON TREE,

FIELD OF WATERLOO.

From John Scott's Paris revisited.

From St. Jean, the road immediately rises up the back of the ridge,—on the height and in the front of which, the infantry of the Duke of Wellington's army was formed in line. The cavalry, at the beginning of the battle were posted on the St. Jean side of the eminence. The ascent is easy; you reach the top unexpectedly, and the whole field of battle is then at once before the eye. Its sudden burst has the effect of a shock; and few, I believe, are found to put any question for the first five minutes. The point from whence this complete view of the scene, so often pictured in imagination, first presents itself, is one of the most interesting that it includes. It is the summit of the ridge close to the road, over which hangs an old picturesque tree, with a few straggling branches projecting in grotesque shapes from its ragged trunk. The British position extended on the right and left of the road, for the extent of about a mile and three quarters, along the top of a continued line of gentle eminences, immediately confronted by very similar heights, distant from half to three quarters of a mile, along which the French army was posted. The intermediate plain, and the ascent of our ridge, form the field of battle. The tree already mentioned, fixed on the bank above the high road from Brussels to Charleroi, denotes the centre of our position, and, the Duke of Wellington having been near it the greater part of the day, it goes by the name of the "Wellington Tree." I found it much shattered with balls, both grape and musket; all of which had been picked out by visiters. Its branches and trunk were terribly splintered. It still retained however the vitality of its growth, and will, probly for many future years, be the first saluting sign to our children, and our children's children, who with feelings of a sacred cast, come to gaze on this theatre of their ancestors' deeds. We, who now describe them, must soon join those whose fall we commemorate—and other generations will have their curiosity excited, only to follow us where all human interests cease; but this venerable tree will remain, a long surviver of the grand battle in which it was no slight sufferer—a monument of its circumstances—a conspicuous mark to denote and to impress. Its old head, rising over the graves of so many gallant men, who dropped under what it withstood, struck one as conveying a mortifying reproach of the weakness of our species. An empire has withered under its shade; the hopes of ambition, the prayers of affection, the strength of the brave, and the skill of talent, lie abortive beneath its branches: yet it will continue to put forth its leaves in the spring—to break the winds of autumn—and to sustain the snows of winter—to overhang succeeding crops, as it overhung the thinning ranks of armies—to shelter the bird, whose note shall echo over fields, that groaned under the crushing wheels of cannon, and shook under the thundering tramp of charging squadrons.

Philosophy is only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not the ostentation of science.

THE MUSEUM

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